

SERMONS ON DR. HOLMES.

THE REV'D. BANKS PREACHES ON HUMORS OF THE SOUL.

Having a love of His Poetry or Prose that constitutes the highest bitterness or life's joys—Robert Collyer's Sermon.

The Rev'd. Dr. Louis Albert Banks delivered a discourse in the Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, last evening, on "Oliver Wendell Holmes and His Poems of the Soul." "What a great thing it has been for public righteousness in this country," he said, "that all our greatest poets and indeed our greatest literateurs of every kind have been men of pure, white character; men the love to their brother men, and bowing reverently to the laws of God; men whose lives were as pure and sweet and fragrant of goodness as the noble songs they sang. Of Holmes we might very appropriately use the words he wrote for his friend, Francis Parkman, the historian, only a few months ago:

A brave, bright memory. In the stainless shield

No shadow of his far future is dimmed.

When our sun will shine among its morning stars.

In his poem entitled 'Sun and Shadow' he sets forth very clearly his vivid conception of the value of doing one's simple duty without regard to those who are looking on. He compares life to a ship, and says:

The quietest is brimming of dangers to shun,
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares if in shadow or sun
They see him who grieves from the shore.Yet true to her course, though the shadows grow dark,
Will trim our broad sails as before.And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore.

In a tribute to Harriet Beecher Stowe for her great service in behalf of liberty, he sings:

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell,
Where pale doves linger;But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
Whose hands are rough with loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads

As well as human fingers.

Dr. Holmes was a brilliant illustration of the possibility of following out literally the scriptural injunction of 'speaking the truth in love.'

No man of his age had learned more perfectly the art, if indeed it was an art, for it seemed to be the first nature with him, of rebuking error and folly with true moral earnestness, and yet all the while maintaining the sweetest and most winsome manner.

Early on Saturday morning she got three pangs of sulphur, which set her to the room divider that occupied the back of the house. Then she went to the door and knocked at the door, by noon she had her rooms.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Burns went to the doctor's office. They told Justice Vosses that they wanted to get their things which Mrs. Outen retained possession of. He told them to go and get them. Then they wanted to sue for damages, but were advised to go to a civil court.

Who Cut Jeremiah Ford's Neck?

Jeremiah Ford of 128 Thirteenth street, Jersey City, staggered up to Policeman Murray, who was on duty in Provost street, about 3 o'clock yesterday morning, and asked to be sent to the hospital. He was bleeding profusely from a wound which extended from his chin around the left side of his neck almost to the ear. Ford was taken to the city hospital, where Dr. Whittlesey, who had probably recovered, but that he had had a narrow escape. Another eighth of an inch and his jugular vein would have been severed.

He had been captured by a party of men fishing for eels and tomcods. It is thought that Ford wandered down to the pier instructed, and got into a quarrel with one of the fishermen.

To Dedicate the De Peyster Home and School.

The Watts De Peyster Industrial School and Home for Girls will be dedicated this afternoon at Tivoli, Dutchess county. The property has been presented to the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church by Gen. J. W. Watts De Peyster. Although Gen. De Peyster is not himself a Methodist this is the second time he has made such a donation.

He has given \$100,000 to the school, and formed the cancelling of a debt on the Memorial Church at Tivoli. The school property is worth \$60,000, and is free from encumbrance. The buildings will accommodate fifty inmates.

Such a man could not grow old in the ordinary acceptation of that term. All his years have been full of activity. In some ways the going of life has been hard to him and others.

The added birthdays brought to him the white hair, the wrinkled cheek, the stooping figure, the trembling hand, but they failed to destroy the fire in his eyes, or to break down the strong optimism of his spirit. He lived up to Goethe's lofty command, "Work, work, work, for you are young." He had a young heart to the end of his life, and though he often felt lonely as the contemporary of his youth dropped away, he was so fresh and gay, so full of fun, that the memory of his old age was a natural evolution.

It was his desire that this glorious old age was a natural evolution, and that it was being prepared for during all the years of youth and middle age. The secret of his success was to live up to the motto, "Work, work, work, for you are young."

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Heavy Seafarers for Train Wreckers in the A. C. Strike.

OGDEN, Utah, Oct. 14.—Severe sentences were pronounced in the District Court yesterday on the members of the Knights of Labor. The trial, which was held in the early part of the month, resulted in a conviction of attempted train wrecking during the American Railway Union strike. After a hearing by the Judge the three men were sentenced to imprisonment as follows: King, four years, and Dennis to one year and one month to twelve years in the penitentiary.

The secret of his success was to live up to the motto, "Work, work, work, for you are young." He had a knight Templar and a member of Roseville's Com. Royal Arcanum. He leaves a widow and three children.

Leave thy law unto past.

Leave thy temple, nothing to the last.

Shut thy front door, it is done more vast.

Till thou art length art free.

Leave thy home, leave thy wife,

Leave thy bed, leave thy home,

Leave thy heart, leave thy soul.

Leave thy life, leave thy breath,

Leave thy body, leave thy bones,

Leave thy mind, leave thy thoughts.

Build thy more stately mansions, O my soul.

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